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The Regicides in New England.

New Engl. Mag., Oct. 1893.

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to over-much zeal in the performance of duty. So the Michigan contingent folded their tents, packed their knapsacks and, followed by a long and imposing train of baggage-wagons and a solitary piece of artillery, hied them home again. Oddly enough, it chanced to be the anniversary of Perry's victory, which furnished an occasion for conviviality of quite a different character from that intended; and if the toasts drunk and the speeches made were impassioned, we must accord to the fathers a tact which many a descendant might covet.

Michigan was thus delivered from a dilemma from which she was unable or unwilling to extricate herself. Her admission to the Union depended upon the amicable settlement of the boundary question; yet neither she nor Ohio would yield the point of issue. It was not until the succeeding June that an act was passed to admit her, and that was hampered with the condition that she concede the boundary which Ohio claimed, and for which in compensation Michigan was offered the Upper Peninsula. For some time she remained intractable, but so eager were her already elected State officers to assume their new responsibilities, that in an irregular convention—sometimes called the “Frost-bitten Convention,” held at Ann Arbor, in December, 1836—self-constituted

delegates went through the form of accepting the terms offered by Congress. This action was immediately ratified by the legislative council of Michigan, and on the 26th of January, 1837, the twenty-sixth star was set in the field of the Union flag, and called “Michigan.”

The same year the State Legislature appropriated the sum of \$13,658.79, to defray the expense of the “Toledo war.” The new State chose for its motto, “Tuebor,” “I defend.” The device, representing a man on a peninsula carrying a gun, was suggested, no doubt, by the boundary dispute, but under the circumstances was rather a grim sarcasm. In 1846, Major Stickney recovered three hundred dollars for damages to his person, property, and dignity. One old horse paid the penalty of the quarrel with his life, and left his bones to bleach on the inglorious field, for which his owner, Lewis E. Bailey, received indemnity, ten years after, to the amount of fifty dollars with interest.

Each governor, of the two powers confronting each other in the Toledo war, believed himself to have a show of justice; but right or wrong, each meant to possess the goodly land. The subsequent admission of Michigan, with an added slice of valuable land worth many times the tract wrested from her, has proved ample consolation for defeat.



LIFE AND LOVE.

By William Francis Barnard.

LOVE'S hope it was that Love might live for aye ;
 Life's hope it was that Life would never die :
 Each heard the other sometimes pause and sigh,
 Fearful that Death might call it hence, away.
 Sighing, Love turned toward Life ; Life, day by day
 Losing its pride, let other hopes go by
 For the one hope : that in futurity
 It might but share Love's fate, — or go or stay.
 What could Life do with eyesight, ears, or breath ;
 What could it do with speech, — if 'twere its doom
 To be, and know that there was left no room
 For Love, in heaven above or earth beneath :
 To know that Love had gone through depths of gloom
 The indistinguishable way of death ?

THE REGICIDES IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Frederick Hull Cogswell.

ABOUT a mile and a half back from New Haven harbor, and plainly visible for many miles away, rise two steep bluffs, each about four hundred feet above the sea level. On the plain below is spread the beautiful City of Elms. Not a quarter of its structures are visible from these elevations, so thick is the foliage of the stately elms that arch the streets and almost bury the residences in their shadows. Indeed, were it not for an occasional church spire pointing its white finger upward through the trees, it would be difficult to discern where the city's boundaries really are.

The easternmost of the two bluffs has been converted into a park, which is ascended from different points by a series of drives through the delightful woods that cover all its sides except the one fronting the city and harbor. The park's twin sister, West Rock, still preserves for the most part its primitive wildness. Excepting here and there an encroachment of the woodman's axe and the drill and blast of the quarryman, little change has taken place since two of the regicide judges of Charles the First dwelt in the seclusion of its forest. The Park Commission, however, not insensible to its availability for public purposes, has recently acquired it, and its single drive will soon be but one of many.

Late one August afternoon several boys of larger growth found themselves on the top of West Rock for a night of camping. There were Fabian, a young lawyer; Bangs, a full-fledged doctor; Ford, a student in the doctor's office; Graham, a clergyman; Fennell, a newspaper man; and the writer, whose occupation is of no account. Fabian, who was the oldest of the party, had reached the advanced age of thirty-two, but was still able, in spite of his decrepitude, to enjoy himself.

"I never so pitied the regicides as to-night," said the doctor, as he gave the fire a poke and settled back snugly in his blanket.

"Well, that's good! Why are your sympathies moved so particularly to-night for Messrs. Whalley and Goffe?" asked Fabian.

"Because they couldn't come out on the brow of the rock and build a fire like this, as fearlessly as we are doing," said the doctor.

"Ah, poor fellows!" groaned Fabian.

"Why won't somebody tell us the story of the unfortunate judges right here by our camp fire, within a few rods of their hiding place?" exclaimed Fennell.

"Good!" said Ford. "Who shall tell it?"

"Why, the doctor, of course," said Graham, who knew that the doctor knew all about it. And we all echoed, "The doctor, of course!" and the doctor easily yielded.

"When Charles the First was finally impeached as an enemy of the people, a commission of one hundred and thirty-five lords, generals, colonels, aldermen, knights, baronets, private citizens, and country gentlemen was appointed to try him; but only about eighty actually sat. Among these who condemned the king to death were Oliver Cromwell; Henry Ireton, his son-in-law; Edward Whalley, his cousin; Gen. William Goffe, Whalley's son-in-law; Col. John Dixwell, a gentleman of wealth and a member of the parliamentary army; and Gen. Thomas Harrison, an ancestor of Benjamin Harrison, it has been said, but this is doubtful. When Charles the Second was restored, the question soon arose as to what should be done to those who had sat in judgment on the late king, — the 'regicides,' as they were called. Charles was not vindictive, but was a willing tool in the hands of those around him who clamored for revenge. Twenty-four of the regicides were now dead, sixteen had left the country, and nineteen remained at home. When Charles came to the throne he promised

indemnity to all the regicides save such as Parliament should except, it evidently being understood that Charles's promise meant nothing, and that Parliament should do as it liked about it. Be that as it may, Parliament excepted the whole nineteen from the royal indemnity, and condemned them all to death, together with all the lawyers and executioners then alive who had participated in the trial and execution of the king. Ten of these were beheaded, Gen. Harrison being the first to suffer. The rest were finally pardoned.

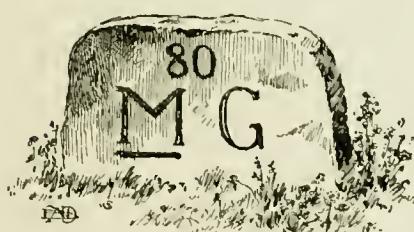
"Whalley and Goffe were among those whose names were published in a summons to appear within two weeks or forfeit pardon. A royalist pardon at that time was equivalent to a death warrant, and most of those whose names were thus published were just then too busy to attend to the matter. Whalley and Goffe had taken a sea voyage.

"Little is known of the subsequent career of those who fled, except in the case of Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell. The first two arrived at Boston, July 27, 1660, and immediately called on Governor Endicott, who treated them with the most distinguished consideration. They then went to Cambridge, where they intended to reside. When they left England, Charles had not yet been made king, and there seemed to be no necessity for secrecy on their part. Still, having heard the news while on shipboard, they concluded, after consulting with some

officiating as lay preacher and expounding the Scriptures. He was a good speaker, had been a man of much influence in Parliament and in the army, and had been seriously mentioned as a possible successor to Cromwell.

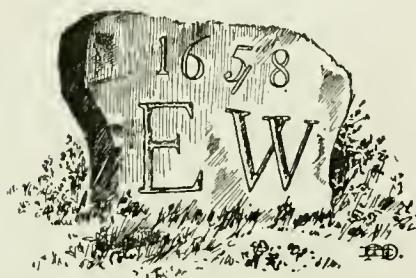
"They were not invariably treated with respect, however, for there were in Boston some people of strong royalist proclivities, who looked upon these gentlemen as the murderers of their king, and insults and acts of rudeness from such were common. These acts were carried so far that in one instance a man was arrested and placed under bonds for his future behavior. President Stiles, of Yale College, in his book about the regicides, relates this story concerning their stay in Boston: —

"While at Boston, there appeared a gallant person there, some say a fencing master, who, on a stage erected for the purpose, walked for several days, challenging and defying any to play with him at swords. At length one of the judges, disguised in a rustic dress, and holding in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin for a shield, with a broomstick, whose mop he had dipped in dirty puddle water as he passed along, mounted the stage. The fencing master railed at him for his insolence, and bade him begone. The judge stood his ground, upon which the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword to drive him off. A rencontre ensued; the judge received the sword into the cheese, and held it until he drew the broom over his mouth, and gave the gentleman a pair of whiskers. The latter made another pass, and plunging his sword a second time, it was caught and held in the cheese till the broom was drawn over his eyes. At a third lunge the sword was caught again, till the mop was rubbed gently all over his face. Upon this the gentleman let fall or laid aside his smallsword, and took up the broadsword, and came at him with that; upon which the judge said, "Stop, sir! Hitherto I have only played with you, and not attempted to hurt you; but if you come at me now with the broadsword, know that I will certainly take your life!" The firmness and determinateness with which he spoke struck the gentleman, who, desisting, exclaimed,



friends, that it would be prudent to live quietly for a time and await developments. They mingled, however, in the best society, being always received as distinguished guests and treated with the utmost respect. Gen. Goffe appeared to be a very religious man, and entered into the worship of the colonists, often

“Who can you be? You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil, for there was no other man in England that could beat me!” And so the disguised judge retired into obscurity, leaving the spectators to enjoy the diversion of the scene and the vanquishment of the boasting champion. Hence it is proverbial in some



parts of New England, in speaking of a champion at athletic and other exercises, to say that none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.’

“A copy of the Act of Indemnity, which consisted almost entirely of ‘exceptions’ to itself, reached Boston in November, and it was found that among those included in the exceptions were Whalley and Goffe. These gentlemen and their friends were filled with consternation, and the political pot of Boston was set boiling vigorously. The relations between Massachusetts and the mother country were already somewhat strained, and it was feared that the harboring of the regicide judges would make serious trouble. The matter drifted along without anything in particular being done, until the 21st of February, when Governor Endicott called a council to decide what to do. Four days later, the regicides relieved the embarrassment by withdrawing from the colony voluntarily. Shortly after they had left, a royal proclamation arrived, denouncing them as traitors, and commanding that they be given up to the authorities and sent to England.

“On Tuesday, the 26th of February, 1661, the two judges, accompanied by a few friends, started quietly for New Haven on horseback by way of Springfield. It was in an old-fashioned New

England winter, and the tedious journey was taken through deep snow and over an almost unbroken country. They reached Hartford on Saturday, and stopped to pay their respects to Governor John Winthrop. He received them with great kindness, and entertained them for three or four days, introducing them to the prominent citizens, and extending a most generous hospitality. A man named Lobden guided them to New Haven, where they arrived on the 7th of March, and went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Davenport. On the 27th, news of the proclamation reached New Haven. A consultation was held, and a course of action decided upon. The next day they appeared on the streets, bade their acquaintances farewell, and made a formal and public departure for New Amsterdam. When they reached Milford, ten miles below, they had their arrival announced, appeared on the streets and met the citizens, and showed every indication of being travellers journeying southward; but at night, instead of continuing toward New Amsterdam, they came back to New Haven and remained concealed at Mr. Davenport’s, according to programme.

“Two Boston officers named Breedon and Crowne had been very active in attempting to apprehend the regicides, and earned the contempt of the community by their zeal in the matter. Governor Endicott finally received a peremptory order from England to arrest the fugitives and send them to London. The royal warrant was clumsily worded. It was addressed, ‘To our trusty and well-beloved, the present governor or other magistrate or magistrates of our plantation of New England.’ There was no ‘Plantation of New England.’ The territory of Massachusetts and Connecticut was occupied by distinct and separate colonies, none of which was called ‘Our plantation of New England.’ Governor Endicott, however, waived legal nicety, and, without even calling his council to advise, issued a warrant and gave it to two young traders named Kellogg and Kirk to search the colony of Massachusetts, and gave them letters to the governors of the other colonies.

“They left Boston on Monday, the 6th

of May, and reached Hartford on the 10th, where they called on Governor Winthrop. He told them that the two gentlemen in question had passed through the town several days before, but he would nevertheless make a thorough search. The officers passed on, delighted with the governor, and the next day arrived at Guilford, where William Leete, deputy and acting governor of the New Haven Colony, lived. They found the governor at home, and with him a number of gentlemen. When the papers were laid before him, he began reading them aloud, much to the chagrin of the two officers. They finally interrupted and asked, 'Would his Honor please not read so loud? It is convenient to be more private in such concerns as these.' The governor then took them aside and told them he 'had not seen the two colonels, not in nine weeks.' They informed him that they had reason to believe that 'the two colonels' had been seen in the colony much more recently than 'nine weeks,' and demanded fresh horses and a warrant for their arrest. Governor Leete appeared to them very deliberate.

"In the mean while news of what was afoot had spread through the town, the result of the 'reading aloud.' While the officers were waiting at the inn for the governor's decision, a man named Scranton (or Crampton) told them that the two colonels were at that very moment at the house of Mr. Davenport in New Haven, and 'without all question Deputy Leete knew as much.' He said that Mr. Davenport had 'put in ten pounds' worth of fresh provisions at one time into his house, and that it was imagined it was purposely for the entertainment of them.' Others corroborated Scranton's story, and said that Whalley and Goffe had been seen lately between the houses of Mr. Davenport and Willian Jones, and they supposed one was staying at each house. The officers hastened to the house of Gov. Leete with this information and demanded the horses and the warrant at once. The governor told them they might have the horses, but he wished to consult with Mr. Gilbert, one of the magistrates of New Haven, be-

fore issuing the warrant; that it was now Saturday night, and of course nothing could be done until Monday. The officers stamped and swore, but the governor was firm. They declared that they would go to New Haven Sunday morning and make investigation without a warrant, but were told that if they did they would be arrested for Sabbath breaking; so there was nothing left to do but sit down and shiver in their discontent.

"Over Sunday, Scranton kept them informed of every movement. At one time he came in and reported that 'there was an Indian of the town wanting.' This caused great excitement. Later he told them that 'one John Meigs' (Meigs)



was preparing to start for New Haven Sunday night on horseback. Then they rushed over to the governor's and demanded that he summon Meigs before him and inquire his business to New Haven.

"'Has Mr. Meigs committed any misdemeanor?' inquired the governor.

"'None,' replied the officers, 'but we have suspicion that he goes to give information.'

"'I have no authority to detain him except upon complaint and information of some misdemeanor,' replied the governor.

"The regicides had undoubtedly been in hiding for several weeks at the house of Mr. Davenport, which stood on the south side of the present Elm Street in New Haven, about half-way between Orange and State. Directly opposite lived Mr. William Jones, son-in-law of Governor Theophilus Eaton, whose father, a brother-in-law of Cromwell, was one of

the ten regicides who were put to death. The two fugitives found a warm friend in William Jones; and when Mr. Davenport's house was no longer safe, he received them to his own.

"On Saturday evening, while the king's officers were being unwillingly detained at Guilford, the 'missing Indian,' who had been the subject of so much solicitude on Mr. Scranton's part, arrived at New Haven at about bedtime, and informed Mr. Davenport of the situation. Mr. Jones had recently bought an old mill about two miles northwest of the boundaries of the town, and during the night he conducted his unfortunate

that led to Guilford. They were armed only with heavy walking sticks, which could be used in defence if occasion required. A little later Sheriff Kimberly received orders to pursue and capture them. He started alone, and overtook them near a large tree, against which the two regicides planted themselves and brandished their cudgels so ominously that the sheriff thought best to return to the town for assistance. As soon as he had left them the two fugitives started on toward Guilford, and soon saw several horsemen coming from that direction at full gallop. These they judged to be the royal officers and the patriotic Scranton.

There was a piece of woods quite near, but they would be discovered if they crossed the open lot that intervened. Mill River was close at hand, however, and the bridge they had just crossed would afford a good hiding place. They evidently had not been seen, and in a moment they slid down the bank into the water. At this point Mill River almost touched the under side of the bridge at high tide.

The condition of the water was such at this time that the two men stood to their necks while the horses' hoofs clattered over the bridge, their riders totally unaware that the game was so near. When the horsemen had disappeared they crawled out of the mud and slime and gained the woods, from which at night they returned to the house of Mr. Jones. Sheriff Kimberly, as became a good officer, made due return that he had attempted to arrest the regicides, and had failed.

"After the royal pursuers had been in town a couple of hours, Governor Leete rode leisurely in. He had stopped at Totoket, now Branford, for Mr. Jasper Crane, one of the magistrates, which necessarily made some delay. Governor Leete was apparently behind time, but he was in reality several lengths ahead. After their arrival in New Haven they went to a tavern and ate a good dinner.



Judges' Cave.

friends to its seclusion. Sunday night Meigs came galloping in on horseback with a letter from Governor Leete to Mr. Gilbert, the magistrate, advising that the town be searched. The governor, perhaps, felt pretty certain that Mr. Gilbert would let his purpose be known, and then search—in some other part of the town. But Mr. Gilbert was 'not at home,' and no warrant could be procured! During the night a consultation was held, and it was decided that the regicides should appear on the streets early the next morning, and that an apparent attempt should be made to capture them before the king's officers arrived. The regicides were made acquainted with the intended programme, and were expected to co-operate. On Monday morning they left the old mill and returned to New Haven, walking unattended through the town, and going out on the country road

While they were taking their post-prandial smoke, Mr. Gilbert was sent for, also Mr. Robert Treat, of Milford, another magistrate. Without waiting for them to come, however, they went over to the court house and gave a hearing to the royal officers, who made a formal statement of their errand and asked for assistance in carrying out their search. Governor Leete and his associate treated

also knew that his reasons would have no weight in a London court. He saw the folly of longer delay, with the odds so fearfully against him. The regicides, too, had by this time had many hours' warning. He took up his pen and began to write the warrant; but before he had finished, Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Treat came in, and a further consultation was held. The result of the deliberation was the



East Rock, New Haven

the king's representatives with the most studied respect, and appeared anxious to render every possible assistance, at the same time stating that they did not believe the objects of their search were in New Haven at all. The officers then requested that they be empowered to search two houses which Scranton was covering with his vigilant eye; but the governor saw no evidence to warrant him in granting an invasion of private residences.

"The officers saw that the governor was evidently trying to shield the regicides, and warned him of the danger of his position. Governor Leete was a lawyer, and well knew it was high treason to shelter a traitor, knowing him to be such. He knew that the authority on which the officers were acting was doubtful, but he

conclusion that the only way to satisfactorily settle the question was to convene the General Court, or legislature, and let it decide the question of jurisdiction.

"The two officers were in a terrible rage at these delays, and finally decided to do a little searching on their own account. This was Monday, and the General Court was called for the following Friday. They had wasted a great deal of time, and everybody, regicides included, must have had warning. At any rate, there was no time to lose. According to tradition, they went to the house of Mrs. Allerton, on the corner of Union and Fair Streets. She was the second wife and widow of Isaac Allerton, a Pilgrim of the 'Mayflower.' When she saw the officers coming in the distance, she told her guests to step out of the back door (for they had

been hiding in the house), and immediately return and conceal themselves in a large closet in the kitchen. This was so made that the wainscoting showed no break. The moment they were hidden, Mrs. Allerton hung some kitchen utensils over the door. When the officers

Boston by water, reported to Governor Endicott, and each received a farm of two hundred and fifty acres for his services in accomplishing nothing."

"But how about Judges' Cave?" asked Fennell. "How came that to be connected with the regicides?"

"That is not quite clear. The legend of the Judges' Cave probably had its rise long after the judges themselves had been gathered to the fathers. I think the diary which Goffe kept during all these years effectually disposes of the cave question. The diary states that they were first conducted to a place called Hatchet Harbor, where they lay two nights, while 'a cave or hole in the side of the hill' was being prepared to receive them. It then goes on to state that they called the hill 'Providence Hill,' and that they 'continued there from the 15th of May until the 11th of June, sometimes in the cave, and in very tempestuous weather in a house near to it.' 'A cave or hole in the side of the hill,' which it took two nights to dig, is not a pile of bowlders on the *extreme top* of the hill. President Stiles wrote with this extract from Goffe's diary before him, yet, strangely enough, he assumes that the tradition is right and the diary wrong! In one breath he says Richard Sperry's boys did not know anything about the regicides, being told that the contents of the pail which they carried into the woods were for 'some workmen,' so careful was the discreet Sperry of his dangerous secret. He then goes on to state with amazing simplicity that he knows just where the cave was, because it was pointed out to him by a grandson of Richard Sperry! Assume that Richard did divulge this secret,—of a deed that would have sent him, if known, to the gallows and his property to the crown,—how shall we account for the deliberate entry in Goffe's diary? Dr. Stiles says he 'cannot conceive why this cave should be spoken of as being in the side of the hill' (by Goffe, who knew where it was and lived in it), 'for the cave is high up on the hill, even on the very summit.' He explains this contradiction between a shadowy tradition and documentary evidence of the most reliable character



The Duel in Boston.

arrived and inquired for the objects of their search, Mrs. Allerton told them that Judge Whalley and Gen. Goffe had just been paying her a visit, and had only a few moments ago left by the back door. The lady appeared so innocent of their real object, and seemed so frank in her replies, that the officers readily took the false scent and left the house. This was dangerous business and meant death to the person in whose house the regicides were found, as well as to those known to be interested in harboring or secreting them. That night Mr. Jones took the two fugitives to the old mill, where they had been hidden on a former occasion.

"The officers saw that the sympathies of the people were against them and that further attempt would be useless, so they left town without waiting for the action of the General Court. They went to New Amsterdam and called on Governor Stuyvesant, who agreed to communicate with them if the regicides came under his jurisdiction. They returned to

by assuming that 'being enveloped in woods, they might not especially at first consider it as on the summit'! In other words, he assumes that Goffe, a general trained to military exactness, did not know, after living there three months, whether he had been living in a pile of rocks on the top of the hill, or in a hole in the side of the hill! It should be noted that Goffe's reference is explicit. If he had simply said 'a cave,' the bowlers might, by a stretch of the imagination, have been made to tally with it; but he particularizes by adding, '*or hole in the side of the hill.*'"

"What has become of this 'hole in the side of the hill'? Should there not be some trace of it remaining?" asked Fennell.

"Not necessarily," said the doctor. "You must remember that Richard Sperry, who conveyed their food to them

he would have found it difficult to explain. The royalist sympathizers were alert and numerous, and large rewards were offered not only for the capture of the judges, but of those who had in any way sheltered and assisted them. The existence of this cave would have been like a trap of his own setting for Richard Sperry, in the light of later developments; for it was the discovery of the cave with the bedding and other evidences of occupancy which it contained, that led the judges to abandon it as no longer safe."

"They never could have lived in that alleged cave on the top or the hill," exclaimed the judicial Fabian, "unless they both had curvature of the spine! I examined the place carefully once, and found the floor about eight inches wide at the innermost point, and about seven feet long, gradually widening toward the aperture. It is shaped something like a



West Rock.

while they lived there, had committed the crime of high treason by giving comfort and assistance to 'traitors,' and that he would have the highest interest in destroying every trace of this dangerous business as soon as the regicides were out of his care. He would have been extremely foolish had he allowed to remain so near to his house a condition of things which

ram's horn. A man to lie in there would have to go in feet foremost, and twist himself up like a sea serpent."

"I have heard something about the lightning striking these bowlers and changing their position," said Graham.

"They were struck many years ago," said the doctor; "but as far as I can learn, the only damage done was the

knocking of a sliver from the top of the highest peak. But assume, if you wish, that the thunderbolts played at jackstones with these rocks; it yet remains to be shown how they were transformed from 'a hole in the side of the hill' to a pile of bowlders on the extreme top."

"But how did Mr. Sperry manage to feed them without being discovered?"

"That was done," replied the doctor,



Center Church, New Haven

WHERE DIXWELL MET SIR EDMUND ANDROS.

"by sending some of his boys into the woods in the morning with a pail of provisions, which they were told to leave on a certain stump. At night they would be sent for the pail, which they would find empty upon the stump. The boys wondered what all this meant, but the only explanation they could get was that 'it was for some workmen who were employed on the mountain.'"

"How often these hunted men must have come out to the brow of the rock, and looked down upon the Sound and the little town basking in the sunlight," said Ford. "Imagine their feelings as they stood on this pinnacle and looked out over the peaceful landscape! What a contrast to their own anxious spirits!"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I have often thought of it. They must have suffered keenly, for they were refined and cultivated men. They were forced to break every tie that is dear to man, and leave home, family, country, wealth, and high position, to escape an ignominious death; and all because of an act which they believed to be for the best interests of freedom and the welfare of their country."

"What did the legislature have to say about the search question?" asked Graham.

"The General Court met pursuant to the call, and declared that, so far as it knew, the regicides had not been in the colony for several weeks, but it ordered that warrants be issued and a careful search made. Accordingly every town in the colony was searched, but without avail. An election was held on the 29th of May, and Mr. Leete was chosen governor. He had heretofore been only acting governor by virtue of the death of his predecessor. He was now in a situation of peculiar peril, as was also Mr. Davenport, the minister. The two officers, on their return to Boston, had given a damaging report of their reception in New Haven, and large rewards were now offered to

such as should give information concerning the whereabouts of the regicides. This also involved the arrest and certain doom of those who had assisted them, and thereby committed high treason. Governor Leete and Mr. Davenport were the special objects of their hatred, and no one knew when some sneak would fix his greedy eyes on the reward and give damaging evidence.

"So strong was the suspicion against Mr. Davenport, that the judges finally decided, to save plunging their friend into serious trouble, to deliver themselves up. And here we come to some more tradition which is disputed by a letter written at the time. The tradition says that at this time they went to Guilford to

deliver themselves up to Governor Leete; that the governor refused to accept their surrender, but kept them for a time secreted in the cellar of his store, while their physical wants were supplied from the governor's own table; that it was finally determined that the two judges should keep the governor informed as to their whereabouts, and that he should not call for their surrender except in case of necessity. It is recorded, in this tradition, that Governor Leete's daughter Anna, who afterward married Mr. Trowbridge, remembered well the time when the two men were secreted in her father's cellar, and the air of mystery attending the whole affair. The birth record shows that this young lady with a long memory was born just one year later!

"The letter referred to was written by the Rev. John Norton to Richard Baxter, who, it will be remembered, was a chaplain in Whalley's regiment. It relates that the two judges decided to give themselves up to the 'deputy governor.' At that time Matthew Gilbert, of New Haven, was deputy governor, Mr. Leete having been recently elected governor; so if they delivered themselves up to the deputy governor (according to the letter) it was done in New Haven, and they had

reason for disbelieving them. But Goffe's diary settles the matter. Governor Hutchinson, of Massachusetts, writing with the diary before him, says: 'On June 11, they leave West Rock, generously resolving to go to New Haven and deliver themselves to the authority there.' The Guilford tradition strongly indicates that at some time the regicides were there, but these records conclusively prove that this was not the occasion of their going. It seems highly probable that in connection with their various perplexities they would consult with Gov. Leete, who had been and still was their steadfast friend.

"The judges appeared again at New Haven on the 22d, and openly showed themselves. Mr. Davenport writes a letter in August, and states that on June 22, Whalley and Goffe 'came from another colony, where they had been for some time, to New Haven.' With extracts from the diary of Goffe before us, showing that they had been around Providence Hill (West Rock) for a month, which fact Mr. Davenport must have known, being their 'chief friend,' this statement is surprising. Prof. Dexter, of Yale University, in commenting on this letter, concludes substantially that Mr.



West Rock, with New Haven in the Distance.

no occasion to go to Guilford at all! Historians have argued that it was so customary to speak of Mr. Leete as the 'deputy,' that the title stuck to him for a time after his election as governor. That is very likely true; but it is safer to take the statements of reliable men, carefully made, unless there is good

Davenport had been so busy of late with other matters that he had neglected to read up on some of the Commandments. Governor Hutchinson, writing with the diary before him, says that, after showing themselves at New Haven, thereby relieving the suspicion against Mr. Davenport, they returned to their cave in the woods on

the 24th of June. It must be remembered that the only authority, so far as we know, that Governor Hutchinson had for any of these statements was the diary of Goffe. 'They continued there' (says Hutchinson), 'sometimes venturing to a house near the cave, until the 19th of August, when the search being pretty well over, they ventured to the house of one Tompkins, near Milford meeting-house, where they remained two years, without so much as going into the orchard.'

"Tradition points to several places where they are claimed to have stayed

gradually became bolder, and took a few safe friends into their confidence. They remained in this place until 1664, when commissioners from Charles the Second arrived at Boston, directed, among other things, to apprehend and arrest any persons attainted for high treason. On the arrival of this intelligence, the two judges quietly left Milford, and again sought the cave, where they tarried eight or ten days. It was during this time that some Indians, while hunting, had discovered the cave 'with the bed,' and 'the report being spread abroad, it was not safe to remain near it.'

"Away on the remotest frontier of the English plantations was the little settlement of Hadley, Mass. This had been founded a few years before by the Rev. John Russell, of Wethersfield, Conn., who had removed into this clearing in the wilderness with a portion of his congregation. Through some arrangement which does not appear, Mr. Russell agreed to receive the two judges into his family at Hadley, and on the 13th of October they bade their New Haven friends farewell and started on their journey, travelling by night and resting days, usually giving their stations or 'harbors' some particular name. About a week later they arrived at Hadley, where one of them was to end his days. For ten or twelve years they lived in the family of Mr. Russell, never making themselves known to the villagers; and finally, his mind having gradually failed and gone, Whalley died about the year 1675, at an advanced age, and was buried in the cellar of the house where he had spent his declining years. His son-in-law, Goffe, cared for him tenderly to the end. Years afterward, when the Russell house was being repaired, the bones of a man, supposed to be Whalley, were discovered behind a slab in the cellar wall.

"While at Hadley both Whalley and Goffe kept up a correspondence with their families in England, always using assumed names. Goffe usually looked after these matters, owing to the age and infirmities of Whalley. Many of his letters are still in existence, as are those of Mrs. Goffe. The chirography is quite legible, and would be more so but for the originality in the matter of spelling, which would



The Dixwell Monument.

while the diary says they were at the cave in the woods. President Stiles spent much time in looking up these traditions, accepting almost everything that credulity could invent or neighborhood pride suggest. It appears that when it became known that the regicides lived in a cave, every hole for miles around that was large enough to admit a man's body was claimed to have been one of their hiding places.

"After spending two years in the Tompkins house in Milford, 'without so much as going into the orchard,' they

put even Artemus Ward to 'grate shaim.' It was fully abreast of the times, however, when everybody spelled according to the dictates of his own conscience.

"It is impossible to trace Goffe with any certainty after the death of Whalley. Tradition tells many different and contradictory stories, on none of which can much reliance be placed. He wrote to Dr. Increase Mather of Boston, Sept. 8, 1676, and dated the letter at 'Ebenezer'; but as this was his usual mode of heading letters, we are entirely at sea concerning it. In it he speaks of his 'removal to this town,' which beyond all question takes him away from Hadley, and there is nothing to support the theory that he ever returned there. In October, 1678, he writes another letter from 'Ebenezer,' and mentions the name of Mr. Whiting, presumably referring to the Rev. Samuel Whiting, of Hartford. In July, 1679, Mr. Peter Tilton, of Hadley, writes Goffe and assumes that he has heard certain news, it having been written to Hartford. In April, 1680, John London (a virtuous man who hated regicides) made affidavit that Goffe, under the name of 'Mr. Cooke,' had been secreted for several years in the house of Capt. Joseph Bull in Hartford; and upon this affidavit Sir Edmund Andros required the premises of Capt. Bull and his sons to be searched, without success. All these circumstances, entirely independent of each other, would seem to locate Goffe at Hartford for the few years after his departure from Hadley upon the death of Whalley. This is the last trace we have of him, and the place of his death and burial are at best mere matters of conjecture.

"It was thought, a century ago, that Whalley and Goffe were buried in New Haven. There were inscriptions on some old stones that at first blush might lead to that conclusion, but it has since been proved beyond doubt that the 'E. W.' stone was not for Edward Whalley, but probably Edward Wigglesworth; and that the 'M. G.', which good credulous President Stiles thought would be 'W. G.' if the 'M' were inverted, was not for William Goffe, but for Matthew Gilbert, the magistrate and deputy governor.

"In the year 1670 or thereabouts a

gentleman of military bearing, tall and dignified, and about sixty years of age, came to New Haven to reside. He appeared to be possessed of wealth, and having no family, went to live with a Mr. Ling on the southeast corner of College and Grove Streets, then a retired part of the city. He lived the life of a scholar, spending his time in reading and in walking in the groves in the outskirts of the town. He soon became greatly esteemed for his learning and piety and gentleness, and made many friends among the educated and cultivated people of the town. Mr. James Davids was the name by which he was known, and he was said to be a retired merchant. Very few knew him as Col. John Dixwell, one of the regicide judges, but such he was. It is not known whence he came to New Haven. The English thought he had died in Switzerland, so there was little danger in his remaining here. One of his colleagues, Ludlow, died in Switzerland, and was buried in the church of St. Martin in Vevay, where his tomb can be seen. Goffe's diary says that Dixwell visited them at Hadley, Feb. 10, 1665, and continued there some years, then removed to New Haven.

"So much was he esteemed by Mr. Ling, that at the latter's death in 1673 he requested Mr. Davids 'to assist and take care of his wife, and recommend her to be kind to him.' They both realized the sacredness of the injunction, and the more effectually to care for each other, were married in November of the same year. Mrs. Davids died within a fortnight of the wedding, and the old gentleman was once more alone. He inherited the Ling property and remained in possession of it. Four years later he married Miss Bathsheba Howe, by whom he had three children. Descendants of this marriage are living in Boston, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is in some way connected with the family.

"One of the exile's most intimate friends was the young Rev. James Pierpont, whose house stood on Elm Street, opposite the old North Church. Their back lots joined, and they held frequent converse over the garden fence. The minister's good wife did not know who

her interesting neighbor was, and was content with her husband's explanation that he was 'a very knowing and learned man.'

"An aged pear-tree, long since past bearing, stands on a portion of the Dixwell lot now owned by Mr. Edward A. Anketell. The story has been passed down from one generation to another that the tree was bearing in Dixwell's time, and that the venerable regicide used to gather fruit from it. In view of the great age attained by this class of trees, we may here have a survivor that 'gave shelter and comfort to a traitor' without having its head severed from its trunk.

"One time when Sir Edmund Andros was visiting New England, he had occasion to spend Sunday in New Haven, and while attending public worship noticed an old gentleman of striking face and bearing sitting in front of him. After the congregation was dismissed, he inquired who the old gentleman was. The answer was, 'He is a merchant living in town.' But Sir Edmund was suspicious, and said, with a shake of the head, 'I know he is not a merchant. He has been a soldier, and has figured somewhere in a more public station than this.' Tradition says that the Colonel spent the rest of the day in his room in meditation. At any rate, he is not mentioned as having attended service in the afternoon. Sir Edmund was too busy to follow up his suspicions, and nothing came of it.

"While at church at this time it is said that Sir Edmund was treated to a rather singular mark of respect. During the service the following verses were sung, from the old Sternhold and Hopkins version. They were first 'deaconed off,' according to the custom of the time, which made the lines seem doubly personal: —

'Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise?
Dost thou not know there is a God
Whose mercies last always ?

'Why doth thy mind yet still devise
Such wicked wiles to warp?
Thy tongue, untrue, in forging lies
Is like a razor sharp.

'Thou dost delight in fraud and guile,
In mischief, blood, and wrong;
Thy lips have learned the flattering style,
O false, deceitful tongue !'

"These verses were sung *con expressione*, and Sir Edmund inferred that they were chosen in honor of his visit. He waxed wroth, and was about to deliver himself, but was told that the psalms were always sung *by course*.

"Before his death, Col. Dixwell requested his friends to erect no monument to his memory which should reveal his name, 'lest his enemies might dishonor his ashes.' Accordingly a plain stone was placed at the head of his grave, bearing the simple letters 'J. D., Esqr.,' and giving his age and the date of his death.

"In 1849, about one hundred and sixty years after his death, one of his descendants, Mr. Dixwell of Boston, removed the remains to their present resting place on New Haven Green, and caused a monument to be erected over them. So after a long life of faithful service in the cause of human liberty, his old age spent in exile and obscurity, his bones resting for nearly two centuries under an humble stone in a foreign churchyard, he finally sleeps beneath an imposing monument of marble, on which is inscribed a proper testimonial to his life and services.

"There was a famous legend chiselled upon one of the bowlders at West Rock, that breathes the noble spirit which animated these so-called regicides. It should also have been cut high up on the monument of Dixwell, where all mankind might read and ponder, as defining the principles under which he lived and died: 'Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God !'"



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